Date Rape

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Date Rape

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will gets drugged and raped after going out for some drinks.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will stopped at the bar on his way home from work. He hopped on a stool at the counter, and ordered a double bourbon. A man, about 5 years younger than himself, sat next to him and slipped a pill into a drink and swapped it with Will. Nobody noticed the swap. Will sat next to the man even chatting once and a while, blissfully unaware of the younger man's, who he found out was named Dean, plan. Will stepped outside, dug his phone out of his pocket, and messaged Beverly to pick her up. He put his phone in his pocket. Dean grabbed Will and drug him into the alley.

Beverly messaged back Hannibal's on his way ;)

Will tried to grab his phone but his hands were pinned against the brick wall. Dean pulled out a knife and cut Will's shirt open and pulled it so his arms were pinned together. Dean pulled down Will's pants and boxers down, and entered him dry. Will let out a pained scream against the brick wall.

Hannibal pulled up at the bar. Beverly said he'd be out front, Hannibal stepped out of his car and walked into the fowl smelling bar and began his search for Will.

Dean hurried his pace releasing his load into to Will. The curly haired man let out a hoarse whine as Dean pulled out, pulled up his jeans, and took off down the alley. Will dropped on the pavement and tried not to think of the fluid currently leaking on to his thighs.

"Have you seen a young man, dark curly hair, about 5' 10", terrible fashion sense?" Hannibal asked the bartender.

"Yeah, he went out that door," The bartender pointed toward the side door. Hannibal nodded a quick thank you and moved quickly through the throng of people. As soon as he got outside he saw a naked man curled into a tight ball on the ground. Hannibal quickly recognized Will's mop of brown curls and hurried over to him. He remove the price of his shirt still wrapped around his wrists.

"Will? Will!," Hannibal pulled off his coat and pulled it around Will.

"Hannibal, what are you doing here?" Will said pulling the coat tighter around himself.

"Miss Katz said that you needed a ride home. What happened to you?" Hannibal replied.

"I think we should talk about this somewhere warmer and preferably with more clothes." Will said.

"Of course. Would you like some assistance?" Hannibal replied noticing the blood and semen covering his thighs. Will nodded and extended an arm in Hannibal's general direction; the alcohol, drugs, and general exhaustion catching up to him. Hannibal crouched down and put Will's arm on his shoulder. Hannibal picked Will up bridal style and cringed at the site of Will's scratched up face and chest.

Once they got to Hannibal's car he carefully laid him in the back seat and drive to his house. The other man helped Will into a warm bath, cleaned his wounds, and found him some comfortable clothes. Hannibal showed him to the guest bedroom and helped him into bed.

"Stay please," Will spoke for the first time since the alley. Hannibal went to the other side, and sat on the bed next to Will. The younger man carefully re-positioned himself so that he could see the older man.

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In the morning Will was awaken by the smell of bacon and eggs. He was greeted by a pounding headache, a sore rear, and a burning feeling in his chest and face. Will groaned and slowly dragged himself out of bed, shuffled down to the kitchen, and dropped into a chair. Hannibal handed him some pills and a glass of water.

"How are you feeling this morning?" Hannibal said carrying in two plates covered in pancakes, eggs, and bacon and Two mugs of coffee.

"I feel like I got hit with a truck," Will mumbled. Hannibal set a plate in front of Will and a mug of coffee. Hannibal set down his own plate and mug, and began inspecting the wounds on Will's face. Will watched Hannibal's expression as he tilted Will's head in different directions. Will smirked at Hannibal's intense concentration. Hannibal frowned, "Is something funny?"

"No, just admiring your face," Will said. Hannibal tilted his head like a curious puppy. Will took a bite of pancakes to cover up a laugh. Hannibal sat next to him and ate too.

After breakfast they both showered and got ready for the day even though they both knew they didn't have anywhere to be.

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"What happened last night, Will?" Hannibal finally asked. Will looked at him and sighed.

"Do we really need to talk about it?" Will tried to give him his best puppy eyes.

"Yes"

"Fine but, I want to talk to Hannibal, my friend. Not, Doctor Lecter, my psychiatrist."

"I can do that." Hannibal said. Will sighed and sat next to Hannibal.

"So, I drove to the bar after I finished filling out paper work from our last case. I sat at the counter and some young guy- i think his name was Dean- came and sat next to me and bought me a drink. So, we talked and drank, then I started feeling a little sick. I paid then texted Bev and she texted you- apparently. That guy pulled me into the alley, I tried to fight back but I felt so weak!" Will paused to calm himself, "Then he shoved me against the bricks and the next thing I remember I'm naked in the alley, freezing my balls off. Then you showed up and you know how it goes from there."

Hannibal thought for a moment then turned so he was facing Will completely, "I think you should go in and get tested. That guy may have slipped something in your drink."

Will thought for a moment, "Fine, but your coming with."

"Okay," Hannibal stood and walked over to the coat rack and grabbed a jacket for Will and himself. Will huffed and followed him to the door.

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The doctors did a rape kit and dressed Will's wounds. Hannibal drove Will to Wolf Trap to check on his dogs even though Alana was keeping an eye on them for the weekend. Will was happy to be greeted by his entire pack the moment he stepped out of the car. Will sat on the gravel and let his dogs taking time to pet and nuzzle each one.

"So, what happened to him?" Alana asked Hannibal in a hushed tone.

"We will not know until later this week, I believe he was drugged and raped." Hannibal said. Alana looked at Will then back at Hannibal, waiting for further explanation. Hannibal sighed, "I found him in the alley naked, with his clothes in shreds, phone crushed, curled up against the brick wall. He says he doesn't remember much, but he remembered feeling sick."

Alana looked at Will with pity. "Oh, Will"

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Hannibal's phone rang, "Hello?"

"Dr. Lecter?" the man replied.

"This is."

"We got the results."

"One moment" Hannibal put his hand over the phone, "Will!"

"Yeah?" Will said as he entered the room. Hannibal handed him the phone, "Hello?"

"Mr. Graham"

"Yes"

"I have bad news. You were drugged. We found Rohypnol in your blood and you seem to be pregnant,"

"C... can you repeat that last part?"

"You are with child"

"Okay, thank you" Will sputtered and hung up. Will sank into the couch and rubbed his hands across his face. Hannibal sat next to Will, "Are you alright?"

"No," Will let his defenses drop and shuttered a sigh. Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's shoulders. Will leaned against Hannibal, and wrapped his arms around the older man. Will mumbled something into Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal stuck a hand under Will's chin and lifted it so their gaze met. Will sighed and took Hannibal's hand between his own, "The results came back on the...you know."

"And?" Hannibal said, shifting a little bit.

"They found Rohypnol in my system and...I'm pregnant," Will sighed. Hannibal looked at him like he had grown a second head. Will frowned at him before moving to stand up. Hannibal grabbed him before he could get up, and pulled him into his lap. Will let out an strangled noise. Hannibal gave him a stern look, "What is your plan?"

"I...I have no clue," Will admitted. Hannibal ran a hand through Will's hair and kissed the top of his head, "I can help you if you'd like"

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They moved in together about a month later. Will got morning sickness, a lot. Hannibal was always with him rubbing his back and whispering sweet nothings. Hannibal had also spent the past month tracking down this Dean guy that hurt his precious Will. He wasn't exactly hard to find came in to the bar frequently, sometimes he left with somebody, but he usually left alone. Hannibal planned it perfectly, he'd pick the man up, drive him out of the city, torcher him a bit, then kill him. Messier than he'd usually kill, but satisfying none-the-less.

It worked perfectly, until he came home. It 7:30 am and Will was up. Hannibal threw on his jacket to cover up the bloody mess he made and tried to sneak into the house. That didn't work very well, the moment he opened the door he was greeted by Will's entire pack followed by a half asleep Will, wrapped in a blanket. Hannibal smiled, "Good morning darling"

"Morning," Will mumbled.

"What are you doing up so early?" Hannibal was genuinely curious.

"You weren't in bed, so I came down to find you. I didn't find you. Then the dogs wanted out, and I figured, I'm up might as well stay up." Will said finally talking a good look at his boyfriend, "Why are you wearing blood?"

"Oh... well... I...," Hannibal stuttered, "That Dean guy?"

"Ya?"

"I killed him," Hannibal admitted. Will looked surprised for moment then he did something completely unexpected, he laughed.

"I've known you were the Ripper for a while now. Not saying I approve of everyone you've killed, but I figured if you really wanted to kill me you would have done it by now," Will shrugged.

"Oh?" Hannibal smiled.

"But, I have one condition, no kissing or touching until after you shower," Will smiled back. They both laughed at that and Hannibal went up, showered, then made them breakfast.

Colds

Chapter Summary

Between part 1 and the "birth" Is mostly going to be little snippets of of Will and Hannibal's life together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Five more minutes," Will whined as Hannibal kissed up his neck.

"You said that 20 minutes ago dearest," Hannibal smirked. Will ran a hand over his face, "Fine, I'm up."

Will was four months along and his bump was getting noticeable, much to his dismay. Even Jack began to question his rapid weight gain. Will blindly slipped on his slippers and followed Hannibal down to eat breakfast before they went to the latest crime scene.

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There had been a string of murders in the area with similar MO's and the local police called the FBI to come take a look at it. It was a mess: An arm on the fan, the other on the counter, both legs on the couch, chest and head on the stairs. Will almost lost his breakfast walking in the door. He rubbed his face and handed Hannibal his glasses. Jack cleared everyone out and let Will do his thing. I walk in like I own the place knife in hand. She tries to run but I'm faster, I grab her by her hair and slide my knife across her throat. Out of pure anger I decide the cut her up, I take a saw out of the shed and begin removing limbs. I start with her head; I can't stand to see those beautiful eyes staring back at me. Then her arms and legs, then I scatter them throughout the house. This is my design. Will repeated it all to Jack, then walked away.

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Hannibal woke up because Will stole all the blankets, again. Hannibal snuggled up against Will hoping get some warmth but, Will was unusually warm tonight. Hannibal nuzzled against Will's throat and smelled a fevered sweetness. He sighed hoping his sense of smell was wrong for once.

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Will woke up shivering and coughing the next morning. Hannibal was still asleep curled around Will protectively. The younger man curled against his lover and tried to warm up.

"Will, what's wrong?" Hannibal mumbled accent thickened by sleep.

"I'm freezing," Will shivered. Hannibal placed a palm on Will's forehead, "Your very warm, any other symptoms?"

As if on queue Will broke out in a coughing fit. Will sucked in a deep breath and buried his head in Hannibal's chest, "That"

"I see, I believe it would be beneficial for you to stay home today." Hannibal said. Will sighed and started coughing again.

"Okay," Will sighed. Hannibal slipped off the bed and returned with a cool cloth to put on Will's neck. Will moaned at the coolness on his fevered skin. Hannibal sat next to Will and ran a hand through his sweaty hair. Will laid his head in Hannibal's lap and tried to fall back asleep.

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"Hannibal?" Will whispered voice horse from coughing.

"Yes?"

"The baby's hungry," Will said. Hannibal chuckled and disappeared to the kitchen. Will rubbed a hand over his stomach with a small smirk, "Your turning him into a softy," Will whispered. Hannibal chose that moment to walk in with a bowl of soup and some toast.

"Assure you, Will, I'm not 'turning into a softy' and I found you some cold medicine," Hannibal smiled. Will ate and took the medicine.

Will spent the rest of the rest of the day napping and coughing and Hannibal just curled up with him and brought him soup.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Ultrasounds, mood swings, and Announcements (and of course some belly love)

Ultrasounds, Mood Swings, and Announcements

Chapter Summary

read and find out :)

Chapter Notes

A/N: I do not know how the whole OB-GYN thing works so apologizes in advance if it's inaccurate. The vast of my knowledge about any of this is fan fiction, House MD, and what my mom told me about it when I was, like, 8.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

5(ish) months pregnant,

"Do we have to go to this?" Will whined sitting in the waiting room of the hospital.

"Yes, William, they need to check if the baby is developing correctly," Hannibal sighed. They have had this conversation more than one time already today. Will took Hannibal's hand between his own and lightly traced the lines with his thumb, it gave him something to do and seemed to calm Hannibal. Soon after the nurse called them back and Hannibal hopped up excitedly followed by Will who got up much slower. They went back into the room and the nurse motioned for Will to sit in the large seat. Will managed to get in the chair and situated with a little help from Hannibal. The doctor pulled up his shirt and squeezed some of the gel on his stomach.

"Holy shit that's cold," Will squeaked. Hannibal promptly shot him a glare that could melt ice. The doctor giggled, "Sorry I forgot to warn you."

Will watched with interest as the doctor moved the ultrasound wand across his stomach. Hannibal looked at the screen watching as a blurry form came into view. The doctor stopped moving the wand and focused the image a little bit, "There she is."

"She?" Will smiled. Hannibal locked their fingers with a smile.

"Yes, she, in about four months you will have a beautiful baby girl," the doctor smiled and printed them out the picture. Will looked at the picture with a goofy grin, "Thank you."

"No problem, have a wonderful rest of your day," The doctor smiled as she walked out of the room.

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"Bev!" Will yelled excitedly as soon as she answered her phone.

"How'd it go?" She was just as excited as he was.

"Great! She's developing how she's supposed to. Its great!" Hannibal's excitement was becoming contagious.

"Your having a girl!" Beverly shouted. Will laughed while she freaked out for a solid ten minutes. Hannibal had finished what even he was doing and was now laying with his head on Will's stomach, massaging it softly with his hands. Will ran a hand through Hannibal's un-gelled hair while he continued to excitedly talk to Beverly.

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"Jack?" Will cautiously tried to get his attention. Jack looked up from his paper work, "Yeah, Will?"

"I'm going to need a few months off," Will said.

"Why is that?" Jack put down his pen focusing his attention on Will.

"Paternity leave," Will stated simply. Jack raised an eyebrow, "How far along are you?"

"About five months," Will smiled meekly. Jack starred at him wide eyed, "Why didn't you come to me about this, like, Oh I don't know, four months ago?"

"I wanted to keep working as long as I could." Will smiled. Jack nodded, "I applaud your determination, but you are on paternity leave effective immediately."

"Yes sir," Will replied a little deflated and left.

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Hannibal found Will's mood swings rather entertaining. One minute they would be watching a move and crying and the next he'd be pissed at himself for crying. One minute he'd hate Hannibal and the next he'd be rubbing his boner against Hannibal's thigh beging him to fuck him. As enjoyable as it could be, it could also break Hannibal's heart to see his boyfriend so upset.

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Will's dogs had also discovered their owners soft belly was an excellent place to nap and get their head scratched at the same time. Hannibal was definitely not jealous of the affection the dogs got all day from his boyfriend. And he definitely did not enjoy when none of the dogs were around and he could rest his head on Will's stomach and cuddle with him.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Big bellies and Big preperations

Big Bellies and Big Preperations

Chapter Summary

pure fluff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

8 months pregnant,

Will sat on his and Hannibal's bed trying to message the ever-growing pain in his back and hips. Hannibal slipped his hands under Will's shirt and began messaging across his spine and stomach. Will moaned and laid his head on Hannibal's shoulder, "That feels so nice."

"Why don't you lay down and I will finish putting together the crib?" Hannibal smiled. Will sighed and shifted so he was laying with his head on Hannibal's thigh, "Because you're my pillow and need to stay right here."

Hannibal laughed and ran a hand through Will's curly mess of hair, "That's a very compelling argument."

"Good because it's the only one I got," Will smiled. Hannibal whole body shook as he tried not to laugh at Will's comment. Will traced the seam of Hannibal's sweatpants with his fingers as he daydreamed. Hannibal looked at his boyfriend taking in the large bump in his usually skinny form. Will was right this baby was definitely making him softer, but in a good way. The younger man looked up at him. "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing just admiring the view," Hannibal smirked. Despite Will's intense eye roll his cheeks were turning a very flattering shade of pink. Hannibal slid out from under Will which earned him an annoyed groan. Instead he opted for laying behind Will and snuggling up to him till they were pressed together chest to shin with his arms wrapped protectively around Will's hips. Will put one hand over Hannibal's and released a happy sigh.

Will enjoyed this side of Hannibal. As much as he admired the older man's fiery passion and sharp wit it was also enjoyable to see the calm, caring side of him. Will felt a strong kick and moved Hannibal's hand over it so he could feel it too. Hannibal rubbed his hand gently over the spot until she was done. Will laughed softy, "Hasn't even left my body and she already has you wrapped around her little finger."

"Well, I am quite enchanted with her father already. I believe that gives her an unfair advantage," Hannibal smiled. Will laid his head back just enough to give Hannibal a kiss on the cheek, "We should get back to setting up her room."

"5 more minutes," Hannibal curled around Will.

"Fine, but only because I find this side of you absolutely adorable," Will teased.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: False Alarm

A/N: Sorry for the explosion of updates my Hannibal muse is feeling pretty creative tonight (it's almost 5 am here)

False Alarms

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

8 1/2 months pregnant,

Will and Hannibal both agreed that Will could have the baby at home. Hannibal took birthing classes, had a room set up, had all the equipment, and was absolutely prepared for when Will had the baby.

Until Will started having contractions.

Will was sitting on the couch when the first one hit. Hannibal was of at the market and Will didn't have his phone. But it stopped as abruptly as it started. Will laid there for the next hour expecting another one to hit but it never did. When Hannibal got home Will told him about it and Hannibal had a moment of absolute panic until Will told him he hadn't had another one. Hannibal sighed and told Will how it was probably just braxton-hicks contractions. Will looked at his stomach with a slight scowl and rubbed the tiny foot pushing against his insides.

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The next time he got one was in the middle of the night which caused him to whimper in pain. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and messaged his tense muscles while he tried to breathe through it. After words Will buried his face in Hannibal's chest and tried to fall back asleep. And Hannibal just pulled him close, kissed the top of his head, and told him how much he loved him.

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Usually when they'd strike Will would shift around endlessly trying to find the one spot that was comfortable and sigh when he did. Hannibal found it both adorable and suspicion raising. It was especially entertaining to watch Will scowl as the baby shifted around in his abdomen. Though, Will was definitely not complaining about the cuddles Hannibal gave him more often than not.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: ..."Umm... Hannibal"...

..."Umm... Hannibal"...

9 months pregnant,

Hannibal and Will decided to go to the market for some fresh air and ripe fruit even though Will was ready to pop at any moment.

Bad choice.

About half way to the car from the market Will felt something wet gush down his thighs and soak his pants, "Umm... Hannibal"

"Yes, love?" Hannibal looked at Will.

"I think it's time," Will grunted as the first contraction hit. Hannibal rushed to his side and guided him to the car, "Deep breaths, Will"

"I think it's over," Will sighed. Hannibal kissed the top of his head and jogged around to the driver seat, "Let's get you home"

"I like that idea," Will smiled. They made it home fairly quietly except the occasional comment from Hannibal. Hannibal filled the large bath tub once Will's contractions started getting closer together and helped Will into it. Will moaned as he sunk into the warm water. Hannibal pulled of his shirts until he was bare chested and grabbed a huge stack of towels, "How are you feeling?"

"Terrible," Will whined, "Though, I am appreciative of the view."

Hannibal blushed, "Thank you"

Will gripped Hannibal's shoulder as another contraction tore through his body, "I need to push!"

"Your not fully dilated yet. Resist the urge to push," Hannibal tried. Will gripped Hannibal tighter and tried to breath through it. When Will's body relaxed again Hannibal checked his dilation again, "Okay, the next one if you feel the urge to push, push."

"Okay," Will panted. He was one-hundred percent ready to get this baby out of him. Hannibal climbed into the tub at Will's feet and leaned over Will to kiss him, "Your doing so good babe"

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About an hour later,

Will and Hannibal sat in their bed baby girl softly cooing in Will's arms. Hannibal smiled at Will, "She's absolutely gorgeous, Will."

"I don't even know what we're going to name her," Will sighed. Hannibal furrowed his eyebrows, "Hmm... What about Ausra? in English it means 'dawn'."

"Ausra," Will smile, "Ausra Lecter-Graham"

"Lecter?" Hannibal smiled. Will laughed, "Of course, your her father as much as I am."

Hannibal laid his head on Will's shoulder, "Thank you"

Will nudged Hannibal, "Do you want to hold her?"

"I would love too," Hannibal beamed. Will placed Ausra in Hannibal's arms and sat back to admire the two of them. Even though they had quite the rough start together-Will believed- they could over come any obstacle.

-Fin-

End Notes

This story took on a life on its own and I'm thinking of adding to it. Please give me your thoughts in the comments

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